

Poetry Series

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**- poems -**

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# Dan Jordan()

# Darkness

Darkness, darkness is most dreary and glum compared  
To light, for light is the joy of spring and the warmth of a  
Beautiful summer, but darkness is a spring which is bleak  
And dead with life, followed by a summer which is as cold  
As a bloody knife.

Light is the joy of receiving presents upon Christmas day,  
But darkness is the horror-stricken sight of someone dying in vain.

Indeed, light is the happiness and lovingness of life, but darkness is The  
Painstaking experience of arguing with your beloved wife.

I tell you my friend, darkness is most dreary and glum  
Compared to light, for light is the sweet full sound of  
Sparrows twittering upon a warm summers day, but darkness  
Lurks about the dead of night; about the eerie shadows  
Upon a bitter cold winters night.

Dan Jordan

# Las Vegas, Las Vegas, The City Of The Unknown

Las Vegas, Las Vegas, the city of dreams,  
The city of triumph and utter disaster.  
For you can win and gain a most vast amount,  
But you can also loose without a count.

I advise you my friend, to watch yourself  
With the up most of care and thought.

Stay away from the one arm bandits  
And be careful of the thieves and  
Hustlers which rob you in vain.

Stroll the streets for a meal which is cheap,  
But I am sure sure that the food will be  
Cut back, for then you will have more money  
To play Black Jack.

I know that you cannot resist the temptation  
Of having a bit of a gamble, but in order  
To not appear like a spanner, be sure  
To place your wages in a casual manner.

I am sure that the gambling will carry on  
Throughout the dead of night, and no  
one will stop your addiction, not even  
Your wife!

So you are flat-broke and you are on your  
Flight home, at least you have enjoyed  
your time, but remember my friend, Las  
Vegas is an ultimate unknown; for  
It is the city of triumph and utter  
Disaster.

Dan Jordan

# Life In The Trenches

Shells are exploding  
Rapidly above my trench,  
They blow themselves to  
Pieces with all of the  
Enemies hatred and rage.  
The tremendous blast is  
Overwhelming; my ears  
can not cope with the  
Exploding rage; gloomy,  
Deep red blood is beginning  
To pour out from my  
Shell-shocked ear drums.

It is impossible to avoid the  
Horror-stricken sight of  
One of my mates wailing  
And screaming in agony, as  
They die a very slow and cumbersome  
Death.

My colonel shouted, "Into no man's land you go! "  
There's no time to prepare for the hell of a battle  
Which awaits me. I feel a shudder of anxiety  
Tingle down my spine; as the dark and mysterious  
Shadows of no man's land hang solemnly above  
My trench, and into the depths of the murky  
And eerie mud below.

I must put all of those terrible and  
Patronising thoughts and sights aside,  
For it is my destiny to climb  
Over the flesh shredding barbed wire,  
And venture deep into no man's land.

Dan Jordan

# Love

We should cherish and treasure the presence  
Of love amongst our world, for it is the  
Spectacular view of a beautiful sunset  
Upon a mid-summers dust.

Love is the joy and gratitude of giving  
And receiving the most lavish and  
Luscious of presents upon Christmas  
Day.

Love is the giving of small change to  
A bewildered and forgotten Slums,  
Of the bleak and barren streets about  
The various cities of our world.

Love is the bringing of a magical  
And heart warming spring.  
Where the flowers are blooming  
About the wild and bleak  
Moors of the English countryside.

Love is the passion in which two people  
Show upon their special and magical  
Day, their wedding day. The start of a  
New and fresh era.

Love is a garden which is bursting and teeming with  
Life; roses are blossoming and birds are  
Twittering most sweetly about the huge  
Oak trees; suggesting that summer is  
Here again in all its glory and joy.

We should treasure and cherish our  
Gift of love which runs beautifully  
Through our diverse world; for  
It is one of many things that fills  
Our world with joy and happiness.



# Summer Is Brought Upon Us Again

It's that time of year which has been brought upon us again.  
We shall praise our land before us, for  
The warmth and joy of summer is here again, and our will begin  
To sustain.

The birds are twittering about the apple trees,  
The children play football amidst the everlasting  
Twilight upon a beautiful evening sunset.

We shall venture amidst our beautiful  
Land once again, as summer is brought before  
Us once again.

Let us venture into the wild and forgotten lands  
Alike the eerie and mysterious mountains of the Kurrang.

Yes we will have the most exciting  
Of adventures and discover  
Wonderful sights upon our land, but  
Need not I say we will also eat most  
Lavishly and drink the most  
Luscious of wines.

It's that time of year again which has been  
Brought before us once again,  
The season of pure enjoyment  
And prosperity.

We must thrive off our summer with the utmost of  
Happiness, for soon winter will come, and our  
Our everlasting happiness will be exhausted  
With sadness and depression.

Dan Jordan



# The Gold Of Smauge

To mountains eerie and mysterious,  
To dungeons evil and solemn,  
They will venture for the treasure of  
A pile of gold, which Smauge stole  
With a cruel, savage Heart of bitter cold.

It is their true destiny to stumble upon  
The pile of gold, which Smauge stole  
With a heart of bitter cold. For they  
Wish have a most lucious  
And lavish life of selling  
Gold.

Indeed will venture deep into mountains  
Eerie and mysterious, And into dungeons  
evil and solemn, to discover a fantastic  
And brilliant life, amongst a pile of gold.

Dan Jordan

# The Homeless

They linger wearily and lifelessly  
About the barren and bleak  
Back streets of the city's  
poorest regions, for  
they are the slums and bums  
Of the diverse city of London.

They drag there stolen shopping  
Trolleys along the decrepit pathways  
Of London, with all of their belongings;  
As if they are spirits being waken from the dead.  
Their energy and hope are ripped from  
Them as they linger about the solemn and  
Barren back streets of London's  
Poorest regions.

They are desperate for our help and our  
Higher status which we show-off before them;  
With our noses raised and our eyes filled with hatred  
And evil, as we look down to them as they  
Silently weep a sound of vengeance before  
Us.

Some people like myself feel a slight sense  
Of pity for them, as they have to endure  
The coldest and harshest of winters,  
And the scorching heat of the  
Everlasting summers. All  
They have for protection against these  
Harshest of weather conditions is a  
Decrepit and old cardboard box,  
Or a tatty rag of a blanket.

All I am saying here is we ought show a bit  
Of respect towards our fellow bums  
And slums of London's poorest of  
Regions.



# The Misty Mountain

The Misty Mountain  
Of the southern peaks  
Appears most eerie and  
Mysterious compared  
To its neighbouring peaks  
Towards the north.

For when the evening dust  
Begins to appear, no creature  
Or soul dare not linger about the mountain,  
As the solemn and the dark mist begins to  
Hang over the mountain's summit.

The spirits of dead climbers,  
Who have fallen to their death  
Come forth from the darkening  
Mist.

A creature dare not make  
A sound, for they  
Will be Engulfed into the  
Solemn mist, and be morphed into  
A dead spirit themselves.

Lightening may sometimes strike  
Upon the dead spirits  
Causing them to scream and wail  
With rage, as the mountain begins to  
Form dark and evil shadows among  
Its peaks.

The dead spirits of the mountain are the creators  
Of vengeance and evil, as the solemn and dark  
Mist begins to hang over the  
Misty Mountain.

Dan Jordan

# The Zombies Of The Graveyard

The zombies are most anxious about the graveyard  
Before midnight arises, for they make the  
Most petrifying of wails and screams.  
Sounding as if they are being boiled alive  
In their own ghastliness, of their slimy and  
Putrid green skin.

They dare not gander about the graveyard  
Before the dead of night arises, for they  
Will be engulfed by the sunlight which  
Sweeps across the grave stones,  
Standing like forgotten and mysterious  
Relics.

They are tremendously afraid of the sunlight,  
For it completely obliterates them; causing their skins  
To melt ferociously under  
The searing heat of the sun,  
And their bows to spew out disgusting  
And putrid mucus.

When the crow squawks upon the Oak  
Tree in the grave yard, the Zombies  
Are wise to know that the dead of night  
Has come to being.

They ferociously slash their coffins  
To pieces and begin to come forth from their graves.  
The shadows of the zombies spill vengeance and evil  
Upon the grave yard, as they come forth from  
Their graves.

Dan Jordan